

Map. Wm Patterson

The Hillsborough Recorder.

C. N. B. & T. C. EVANS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

WE KNEEL TO NONE BUT GOD

(TERMS—\$2 50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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FARM-YARD SCRAPS.

JANUARY.—To a great extent, a month of leisure for the farmer.

Yet arrangements are now maturing for the practical and efficient agriculturist for the coming year.

Keep a correct account during the year of all that is necessary to be done. Keep an account of all expenditure.

A little attention to this suggestion will afford much satisfaction at the close of the year. Collect all that is due, pay off all your indebtedness if possible.

CROPS.—The system of rotation in crops is very important, and requires consideration and judgment to determine what crops may be cultivated to the best advantage on the different portions of the farm.

The Western Stock Journal says the very best food for milch cows is wheat bran. Don't over feed, but just what they will lick up with a relish, and you will be rewarded with a supply of milk, and your cows will keep in good condition.

STOCK.—All kinds of stock should be well cared for at this season. Any of the different root crops can now be fed to stock to great advantage. Remember that water is needed for all stock, and if properly situated will be used by them as needed.

FAIRM.—If any improvements in building are to be made the coming year, now is the time to make preparation. See that the farm implements are in working order, if not, put them so. The manure pile should be looked to and see if it is safe from fire.

ORCHARD.—Trees can be protected from the mice by treading the snow about them. Those not thrifty may be mulched to great advantage at this season. The eggs of caterpillars may be cut off from the ends of the twigs and burned. Thyme is a great fertilizer for old trees.

POULTRY.—Hens love light, and the warm sun in winter; hence the doors of the henry should be South. Scraps of meat, the offal from the table, bits of cabbage, with lime and access to the ground, they will lay all winter. Pallets lay better than old hens. A male bird should be introduced every year from some new kind.

RECREATION.—All work and no play is bad motto for the farmer. Farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters should take advantage of this season of the year to visit relatives, friends and neighbors. Labor should be forgotten for a time, and evenings devoted to reading, social conversation, discussions, &c. Parents, children, and neighbors should be intimate, thereby making the home of the farmer enticing for his sons, cheerful for his daughters, pleasant for the parents, and all connected with the household.

J. M. K.

The question was asked in the last Journal, whether it is possible for bees to remove an egg from one cell to another. Certainly they do. I have examined the partly-finished queen cells in the morning when the queen had been taken out four days before, and found no eggs; and in the evening of the same day, found the young in the cell, apparently several days old.

BENJ. LONG.

The Philadelphia Ledger gives the following recipe, which is said to be a sure cure for that terrible disease, cancer:

A well known citizen of Philadelphia, who had been using a weak solution of carbolic acid as a wash to correct the offensive odor arising from a cancerous affection, discovered that the application also entirely removed the cancer. One-fourth of an ounce of carbolic acid is diluted with a quart (thirty-two fluid oz.) of water, and the lotion is applied three times a day. A weaker solution, containing one-eighth of an ounce of carbolic acid to the quart of water, would probably be a safer application.

There is a movement on foot, to be developed as soon as Texas is admitted into the Union, to create two new States. There are two bills now before the House Reconstruction Committee for that purpose. One of these proposes to detach that portion of Texas lying west and south of the Colorado river and to call it the States of Lincoln, Houston and Texas, to be carved out of the boundaries of the present State.—*Balt Sun.*

CROSSED IN LOVE.—A colored girl named Lizzie, employed by Mrs. Dr. James Conway, attempted suicide on Wednesday night by swallowing a very large dose of laudanum. A physician being called in, was in time to save her life by the application of the usual remedies. It is supposed that Lizzie was a victim of misplaced affection, and, under all the circumstances, thought it better to quit this world, in search of a better.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

MEANNESS.—A contemporary truthfully says that the man who annoys his neighbor by always borrowing his newspaper, and in that way avoids paying for one for himself, is certainly mean; but the man who is in the habit of reading a borrowed paper and then finding fault with it is the perfection of meanness. He is meaner than the man who stole the copper cents used for closing "a dead nigger's eyes."

Some people have had to quit taking a paper because their neighbors persisted in borrowing and wearing it out before the subscriber had a chance to read it.—*Tarboro' Southern.*

GEORGIA.

Meeting of the Legislature—A Stormy Session.

ATLANTA, January 10.—Both Houses of the Georgia Legislature convened to-day at 12 o'clock. The members were called to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution of Georgia, and by Congress. The Chairman ordered the opinion of Attorney General Farrow, of Georgia, to be received in regard to the scope of the oath prescribed by Congress, accompanying the communication from General Terry, endorsing the opinion, and the reading was soon interrupted by Captain S. E. Bryant, of Augusta, who arose to utter a protest against the reading of this document. The Chairman called him to order, but he persisted that he was a member elect of the House, and would stand on his rights. The Chairman ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest him. M. J. Hinton, Sergeant-at-Arms, laid his hands on his shoulder and asked him to come down, but Bryant raised his cane in a menacing manner, and threatened to strike Hinton if he arrested him, when the latter drew a pistol. Men arose in various parts of the hall. Mr. Caldwell (Rep.) arose and said that men had pistols out in the hall, and asked if order could not be maintained. There was now great excitement. Bryant and the chairman were alternately cheered from the galleries, and there were indications of serious trouble. Quiet was at last partially restored, and the administration of the oath was proceeding when Bryant made a motion that J. H. Caldwell, of Troup county, take the chair and put the question, which was followed by loud "ayes." Caldwell passed up in the direction of the Speaker's desk, accompanied by Bryant, it was supposed with the intention of taking the chair; but he did not hear the motion, and went forward merely because he heard his name called. A motion was then made to adjourn, and great excitement followed. Dunlop Scott, Democrat from Floyd county, moved that Captain Bryant be Speaker *pro tem.* of the House, and put the question. Bryant advanced to the Speaker's desk, and standing up in front, put the motion to adjourn.—He then declared the House adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

In the midst of this wilderness of confusion, the chairman, Mr. Harris, conducted himself with courage and composure. He arose after the House had been declared adjourned by Bryant, and said he was here to organize this House, and, if he could not do it without assistance, he would procure it. This was followed by another ebullition among the disturbers, during which Bryant announced he would go and see General Terry. Some members had by this time left the hall, but quiet was soon restored and the work of administering the oath proceeded without further disturbance. Bryant was elected as a Republican, but has acted with the Democrats in former sessions.

MR. AND MRS. E. A. POLLARD.—Mrs. E. A. Pollard, the proprietress of the St. Cloud Hotel, publishes a card announcing that a report had reached Washington of an impression prevailing that Mr. E. A. Pollard was interested in the above mentioned hotel, and takes occasion to say that neither a personal nor business relation has existed between Mr. Pollard and herself for a period of nearly two years.

Thereupon Mr. Pollard addresses the following card to the editors of the *Balt. Gaz.* "Sir—I notice that a certain party in Washington city, having no longer any right to my name, and using an unhappy notoriety to profit her present trade as a hotel-keeper, is very busy in advertising herself, in a peculiar way, by procuring in the journals incidental mentions of herself under my name. One of these notices occurs in your reading columns this morning. Permit me to protest against it, and to hope that other journals, however accustomed or inclined to attack and misrepresent me, will at least spare me this injustice."

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

A Word for Local Newspapers.

We take the following from the *New York Tribune*. It is true, and we commend it to every one who has an interest in the place where he resides: "Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of what they pay for advertising, &c., as so much given in charity. Newspapers by enhancing the value of the property in the neighborhood and giving localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meagre sum they pay for their support. Besides, every public spirited citizen has laudable pride of having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even though he should pick it up in New York or Washington. A good-looking, thriving sheet helps property, gives a character to locality, and is in many respects a desirable public convenience. If from any cause the matter in the local or editorial column should not be to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it good for nothing, until satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than is paid for. If you want a good readable sheet it must be supported not in a spirit of charity, either, but because you feel a necessity to support it. The local press is the power that moves the people."

A Shepherd Astray.

Reported Elopement of a Methodist Clergyman with a Young Sabbath School Teacher—Grand Flutter in Church Circles—The Young Lady a Member of a Respectable and Wealthy Family.

The congregation of the Seventh street Methodist Episcopal church is in a rare state of excitement, owing to the sudden disappearance from among his flock of their pastor, Rev. Horace Cook, and the sensation is not the less exhilarating from the fact that he went not alone. Indeed, the scandal excavators have unearthed the shocking revelation, that when he went he was accompanied by one of the lambs of the fold—a Sabbath school teacher, the daughter of one of the leading members of the congregation, and reported to be about seventeen years of age.

How it happened is not very clear, and when it happened has been set down, with a reasonable approach to accuracy, as some time between Friday evening and Saturday morning last. Cook left his home about six o'clock on Friday evening, after which time he was seen in company with the young lady. He had previously offered an excuse to his wife to avoid attending a religious meeting that evening with her. He was away all night and his wife was in a terrible state of suspense until on Saturday she received a note from him stating that she would never hear of him again. A similar note was dispatched to the father of the young lady, who had accompanied the Rev. Shepherd, with the additional information that the parent, in general terms need experience no anxiety, as to the welfare of his daughter, as she would be well taken care of. These letters were mailed at ten o'clock A. M. of Saturday, in this city, and reached their destination about four o'clock P. M. of the same day, and this fact gives rise to the assumption that the saintly duo left by one of the many steamers that quitted the port that day.

The sanctified Horace was one of those "divines" who have a peculiarly "taking" way among the ladies, and was the pet of the congregation. He was appointed to the pastoral care of the somewhat aristocratic Seventh street church last spring by the annual Conference. Prior to that time he had dispensed morality and the cardinal virtues in theory to a quiet little congregation at Manassas, in western Virginia, during a period of nearly six years. He is about thirty-six years of age, a tolerably looking specimen of anatomy, and it is reported had been married to his now neglected and disgraced spouse about fifteen years, which was about fifteen years too long for her personal good. Up to this late date, however, no suspicion had ever rested upon him as to his "affinities" or amorous propensities, though it had been repeatedly remarked that he was attentive and exceedingly courteous to his new companion. But then there are so many clergymen who manifest this peculiarity and are privileged to enjoy close converse, looking benignantly into the depths of the eyes of the wives and daughters of their "constituents" that nobody ever thinks anything of that. And their way of doing it is so sleek and tame that it is believed almost to be their duty to do it—in fact, it is a clerical accomplishment.

When Cook was missed on Saturday there was a rare hubbub among the elders, and for fear that his absence might be the result of some unavoidable accident or detention a superannuated clergyman was drummed up and performed the sacred offices for the church on last Sunday. But the arrival of the letters above referred to on the same day set the question at rest, and "hush" was the watchword and still continues to be the standing order.

All efforts yesterday to learn the name of the erring young lady were met with replies either evasive or denial of any knowledge of the matter by prominent members of the church, but they cannot long conceal the true facts of the case. Some of them still profess to believe that the clergyman and the truant daughter will yet be found not to have erred or to have absented themselves with erring intent, and even the most disinterested person cannot fail to hope, for the sake of society and the happiness of two now dejected families, that such will prove to be the case.

He leaves his family in rather an awkward predicament, as he has made it a rule to live almost up to the extent of his income. He has two children, one of whom, a youth of some fourteen years of age, bears the reputation of being a bright and promising young man.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Cook has returned the young lady to her parents in New York. He is reckless himself and wants to shoot all the newspaper men. For a visit of this sort to the New York World Office—he was arrested and lodged in prison.

HIS APPEARANCE.

A dashing fellow, full height, full head, and an eye eloquent either in love or argument. His garments were of the latest cut with a jaunty Astrakhan cap on his head.

A CARD FROM COOK.

From the New York Tribune.

We have received the following letter, which tells its own story, and which we print precisely as it reached us:

Sir: Will you give the words of a criminal

a place in your columns? I do not ask to excuse myself—Oh no! I only wish the truth to be known. If I could only write, I would "a plain, unvarnished tale" deliver, but my head and my heart hurt me so that I cannot.

On this day the young lady will be returned to her home as pure and as good as when I first saw her. She has been with me as my sister. Of course we did not intend that, but my wretched heart stung me at the beginning, and my only desire is to repair (as far as I can) the injury I have done to all my friends—so good to me—and the church—but "the damned blot" will never out. [Excuse the blots, they were caused by the snapping of the pen.]

I wish that I could write, but I cannot. Let me make a few statements, and for God's sake believe me:

1st. I did not—I have not seduced Miss Johnson. If I had, why should I bring her back? If I was villain enough to ruin her, would I not have been villain enough to keep her? It is no fear of personal injury that prompted me, because I could have eluded everybody, if I choose, and I am back now, and ready to pay any penalty the family may require, only don't let any body else come near me, for inasmuch as the papers say I am a wolf, it must be remembered that wolves bite.

2d. I did not correspond with her while in Europe.

3d. I never visited the school until the day we left the city.

4th. I was never in an assignation house with her or any one else, in my life.

5th. No "panel-thieves" have black-mailed me, and I defy and challenge any living man or woman to lay aught against my character since I have been a Minister of the Gospel. If anybody—panel-thieves or any one else—have letters of mine, let them publish them. As I hope for mercy—no, I don't hope for any; but on my soul—on everything that men hold sacred even the most depraved—I swear it is not true.

I have done wickedly enough, but don't paint me blacker than I am. What was I before I entered the Ministry ought not to damage my character or veracity now. Many actors are better than I am; and because I have turned out a reprobate, that is no reason why such villainous trades should be launched against the Church. If I could be five minutes in the presence of the man who wrote the report in the *World*, I would be satisfied.

My chiefest anxiety is about the young lady. Oh I am certain that those who know me, who have been intimately connected with me, will believe me. I never did wickedly at Manassas or Flushing. I don't wonder they write so, for a man who would do what I have done, it is very natural to suppose would do anything.

Don't understand that I am trying to excuse myself. I am not. I want neither pity or mercy. Let that be understood—perfectly.

I say, again, the young lady is pure as snow, and I am ready to do anything that will tend to confirm my assertion. Pardon me for troubling you, and put this in good shape, for I can't write—although I want to.

HORACE COOK.

ARTEMUS WARD AND THE CARDIFF GIANT.—It is now suggested that the Cardiff Giants is one of Artemus Ward's lost wax figures. One of the papers quotes the following account of the great showman's visit to Utica as corroborative evidence:

"In the fall of 1855 I showed my show in Utica, a truly great city in the state of New York. The people gave me a cordial reception. The press was loud in her praises.

"I day as I was giving a description of my Beasts and Snails, in my usual flowery style, what was my scorn and disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containing my wax figures of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscariot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he could.

"What under the son are you about?"

"See he, 'What did you bring this puss-sylannous cuss here for?' and he hit the wax figure a tremendous blow on the head."

"See I, 'You egg-head, that air's wax figure, a representation of the false 'Poete.'"

"See he, 'That's very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utiky with impunity by a daru site.' With which observation he caved in Judas's head. The young man belonged to 1 of the best families of Utiky. I sodd him, and the jury brawt in a verdict of arson in the 3d degree."

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH.—Mr. Beecher's annual auction of choice reserved seats in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, came off on Tuesday night in the church, Mr. Beecher encouraged the sale by his presence. The bidding was quite spirited. Mr. Gage carried off the best seat, which is near to the stage and orchestra, paying \$615 therefor, including the annual rent. Mr. Brown, of the *Independent*, and Mr. Claffin, the dry goods prince, paid respectively \$490 and \$485 for the next best selections. The net sum, realized was larger than in any previous year, and shows that Mr. Beecher's attractiveness as a "star" preacher has not declined.—*World.*

A Melancholy Spectacle in a Baltimore Station House.

An afternoon or two since, a gentleman, riding out on the Eastern Avenue, in the direction of Bayview Asylum, was surprised upon nearing Lager Beer Hill in the vicinity of the Fort, by a strange sight. Two young females elegantly clad, were lying on the cold ground, without a particle of protection from the rigors of the season, save the apparel which encircled their bodies. His first impressions were suggestive of suicide, as murder in open day on such a public highway, was slightly impossible. Alighting from his buggy, he cautiously approached, and soon ascertained by the heavy breathing of the young ladies (for such they seemed to be) that the vital spark had not fled. He then called in a loud voice but receiving no response, caught hold of their persons and shook them violently. To his indescribable amazement he now ascertained that they were inebriated—too much so to relate intelligently who they were, or where they resided. He at once determined not to desert them, and finally succeeded in placing each of them in his buggy, and drove to the city. The station house on Bank street was speedily reached, the circumstances of the "arrest" at once related, and the "precious creatures" deposited in a cell to sleep off their obnoxiousness. After a profound slumber of several hours, the girls awoke much refreshed, but quite overwhelmed with shame and confusion, to find themselves immured within a station house.

Although closely catechized they peremptorily refused to reveal their names or disclose their place of residence, declaring that neither "rack or furnace" would extort from them one syllable of information calculated to make known their identity. Both were fashionably attired in elegant velvet dresses, with silk basques, white hats and red plumes. They had been evidently accustomed to move in the higher walks of life, and their conversation bore the stamp of thorough education and refined society. With a blush of shame mantling their fair cheeks and their pretty blue eyes suffused with tears, they accepted the "discharge" granted by the officers who had treated them with such marked kindness, and were soon lost to view.

How these elegantly dressed, highly educated and refined young ladies obtained the poison which "stole away their brains," and left them on a bleak hill side in mid-winter, exposed alike to the rigors of the weather and the assaults of the ruffian, is a mystery that the public will be curious to see unravelled.—*Balt. Telegraph.*

SUDDEN DEATHS.—Under this head the *New York Sun* shows how children are killed by having poisoned candy put into their mouths. Terra alba, or white earth, costing but one and a quarter cents a pound, we are told, is extensively used instead of sugar; and lozenges are produced by cheap dealers at from two to five cents a pound less than the cost of sugar at wholesale. In the manufacture of gum-drops glue is used in lieu of gum arabic, the former costing but a few cents per pound, and the latter about forty cents. Verdigris, Tonka beans, Paris green, chrome yellow, Berlin blue, aniline, and sublimate of mercury, are all used, each of which is either a deadly poison or very injurious to the system. The common method of flavoring candies, in order to produce them economically, can be readily accounted for. Poisons are much cheaper than genuine extracts. Peach flavors in candied almonds and sugar-plums are obtained from fusil oil, which is very poisonous. The bitter almond flavor is created from undiluted prussic acid; pineapple is procured from very rotten cheese and nitric acid. Candies are made purporting to be flavored with fruits from which no extracts can be obtained. The imitations are all poisonous.

A young blood in New York advertises for a wife—he says: "I am 23; 5 feet 11 high; figure and face the model of symmetry; a gentleman by birth and inheritance, (never a mechanic in the family.) You can get him, girls, by addressing the *New York Dispatch*.

Another chance, girls, Harry Williamsburg Postoffice, New York,—he wants a wife too! Harry says he is passably good looking and enjoys a handsome income. ("Shoo fly!")

And now, boys, "a highly respectable" widow in New York maketh the following: "I own my own pin money; am kind and affectionate; have neither a cradle nor trundle, and am still devoted to the memory of my lost husband." Boys, give her a call. There is no place like home with a widow who loves her lost husband and is "kind and affectionate."

And now here is a young lady, boys, who wears a wedding ring "No. 4, small." Hear her: "I am 19; good countenance, figure and agreeable manners. I wish a situation in the family of a gentleman, who has the head of his table, scold his servants, nurse babies, (when they arrive,) check his tradesman's bills, accompany him to the theatre, sew on buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy." Now this girl would be useful to a married man as well as a single one. We trust she will be "interviewed." Her address is "Louisa Caroline, Linden Grove, New York."

Extraordinary Heroines.

Chicago the Possessor of the Model Girl of the Period—A Remarkable Surgical Operation.

There lives on Wabash avenue, in a home of highly respectable exterior, a young lady, the pride of her mother and the joy of her papa. She is, or rather she was, in every respect, an attractive, graceful, and accomplished girl, and so thought young Mr. —, to whom she is engaged, and who, looking at her with the eye of a lover, could see, of course, no blemish in her.

Yet there was one little defect, one small imperfection, which was said to mar the symmetry of her otherwise perfect form. Nature had given her a pair of wonderfully small feet, but although in length they were all that a Chinese beauty might have adored, they were just a little too broad in proportion to their size. But for this little oversight of Nature's they would have been the most ravishing pair of little feet that ever "twinkled" beneath a petticoat. The young lady often sighed as the bootmaker took the measure of them, and thought how she might have dazzled the world, and her adorer particularly, had Nature been a little less liberal. She adopted a variety of expedients in order to pinch and squeeze those rebellious toes into a proper attitude. Like Cinderella's sister, she did her best to crush them into their glass slipper, but the wicked fairy always put the screw on and punished her sorely for the attempt. In short, her feet gave her no rest by day or night. She was about to be married, and, in view of that event, she resolved to make a double sacrifice. A few months ago she visited an eminent surgeon of this city, and made a proposal which caused the practitioner to shudder. He at once declined to accede to her strange request, and there the matter dropped for the time. More recently the young lady renewed her proposition, expressing her firm determination to have it carried out, and so persistently did she cling to her resolution that the doctor was at last prevailed upon to comply with her wish. This was nothing less than the amputation of the small toe of each foot, which would reduce the member to a size exactly proportioned to its length. The operation was one demanding the nicest skill on the part of the surgeon, and, a few days since, was successfully performed, with the consent of the young lady's relatives and friends. The obnoxious toes have been extracted, just like teeth, leaving the feet somewhat disfigured for a time, but suited to fit into the smallest, daintiest little boot that can be fashioned. The young martyr is now in bed, waiting patiently for the wound to heal. The operation has cost her a pang, perhaps, but only think what she has gained (what she has lost) by it! Two small fantastic toes! Many a victim has lived long, honored and happy, with one foot in the grave. This courageous little heroine has achieved a victory which the fashionable world will delight to honor, and she can now walk abroad in muddy weather without trailing her skirts. Doubtless she is aching for the next evening party, where her little foot will be exhibited as a triumph of art and nature. The young lady has boldly put into practice the scriptural precept: "If thy small toe offend thee, cut it off."

The two little offenders should be buried with great pomp and ceremony in the back yard. Peace to their ashes, and may the corns press lightly on the survivors.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CHARLEY BURCH.

The Young Milton Burglar.

This youngascal has been lodged in jail at Greensboro. He hails from Milton; has broke into 3 stores and stolen a horse during his brief career. Charley comes from a family who have borne a good character in Milton for their honesty and industry. And yet—his brother—Ang. Burch (who was a model confederate soldier) was guilty of the foulest murder that has ever been perpetrated in Milton—and is still at large. The following is from the *Greensboro Patriot*. Charley is not more than 20 years old, when arrested was passing under the name of Dodson.

[EDS. HILLS, RECORDER.]

"Charley Burch, who was arrested in this county some two weeks since, by deputy sheriff, Rees, accused of entering H. N. Caldwell's Store, must be a perfect adept in everything pertaining to rascality. The following, found on his person, when arrested, would go to show that he has at least imposed on the good people of Statesville, if he did not steal anything, which we very much doubt as we recollect hearing of some burglaries taking place in that town some months since.

STATESVILLE, N. C.,

Dec. 13th, 1869.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to certify that J. W. Garland has been in my employ for some time, and that I found him to be a perfect gentleman in every respect, and capable of attending to any kind of business.

R. F. ARMFIELD,

J. A. COLES,

W. W. ROSENBERG,

W. A. ALEXANDER.

GREETING.

With this issue of the Recorder my name appears with that of Mr. T. C. EVANS, as associate Editor and Publisher of this journal. It was with great reluctance that I ignored the publication of the *Milton Chronicle*—a paper I had published for a period of nearly thirty years—to assume a position in (to me,) a new and untried field. It remains to be seen whether the movement was wise or unwise. But, come weal or woe, the deed is done—and “stand or fall—live or die—survive or perish”—I’ll run the hazard of the die.

It is usual, in greetings of this kind, to bore mankind with promises that are rarely ever fulfilled. I must be pardoned for declining to make any.

I may be permitted the remark, that I will spare no effort to make the Recorder worthy the patronage of the public—a credit to Orange and the adjacent Counties, and a paper sought for out of the State as well as in it.

Locally, we shall aim to make it as entertaining and useful to the people of Caswell, Person, and other adjacent Counties, as if it were published in the heart of each, and I hope my old friends in those Counties who have so nobly stood by me in the past will sustain me in the future. May heaven bless them all.

It may be expected, by those readers of the Recorder to whom I am a stranger, that I should indicate or define my political position. The political elements are so mixed up—Governments have been so changed—that I really feel “at sea, without rudder or compass.” Banned as I am by the 14th Article, perhaps I have no right to cherish or express political sentiments. I am thoroughly reconstructed, but not exactly harmonized! The fault is not mine, however, but the Government’s! I am deemed too great a sinner to be pardoned! I killed no one during the war! Never fired a gun at Gen. Grant or any of his men! I did visit our “boys” in Gen. Lee’s army occasionally, but when they commenced shooting I commenced “getting away!” Tho’ if I had once gotten mad all over—like some of the fellows did after the war, (who played-out the army behind fifteen “triggers,” when ordered to cut an acre or two of dirt—there’s no telling what I might have done! No, I burnt not a grain of gun powder, and did my best to prevent occasion and avert the unnatural war—but it came! and right or wrong I stood by the land of my birth and “hurrah’d” for outside! But what is the offence for which I am today outlawed? I once held a three-cent Post Office!

Old political parties have gone up—Governments (State and Federal) are radically changed; a new order of things has been inaugurated—I accept the situation, and plead for the inauguration of a party with a platform liberal and broad enough for the honest men of all parties to stand upon, in opposition to the dishonest and corrupt, who are “held together by the co-hesive power of public plunder.” The Virginia platform, on which Gov. Walker stood, rather fills my bill. But I propose to leave the political status of the paper mainly to the junior Editor, as I am “sick of politics” and considerably disgusted with parties and jack-snipe politicians. I have no sympathy with extreme radicals, and if I tread on their toes in lashing rascality and corruption found in office or out—high places or low places—the blame be theirs, not mine.

And now I want every man in Orange county, worth calling a man, to enroll his name on our subscription book. Will you do it?

Respectfully,

C. N. B. EVANS.

Gov. Holden.

This dignity in a late speech before the citizens of Raleigh gave vent to sentiments worthy the high office of Public Trust he fills. He expressed himself in favor of the people of North Carolina as a unit, and invoked peace and good feeling and law and order throughout the State. “Let there be no strife between those and me” is now the watchword on the banner of PROGRESS. If the Head of the State speak PEACE the people should not breathe WAR. We trust the Governor is sincere and will carry out those declarations of peace and good will to the letter. If he does there will not be wanting on account of it a single ray in his sunset of glory when earth comes to bury her dead and poor mortality to epitaphize immortality.

The Tarboro Southerner says it is currently reported and believed around Tarboro that Lewis Hines, who was hanged, has come to life again. In carrying the body from the burying ground—Lewis was thought to have “knocked against the coffin.” And it is said he that night eat a hearty supper. Bully for Lewis.

The Statesville American calls the Wilmington Journal “the leading Democratic paper in the State.”

This is our position. We do not wish to see oppressive laws enacted—this bill will oppress none but the guilty parties—the peaceful citizen will be protected, and the colored men will not be hunted down as cattle, and murdered without mercy.

Raleigh Standard.

But stop and think, a moment, dear one-side-seeing friend: You say the militia bill “oppresses none but the guilty parties;” we humbly submit that the bill not only “oppresses” the guilty man’s family, in that it takes from his wife and children (if he has a family,) all the means of support, but it goes farther, and “oppresses” the innocent by exorbitant taxation of their property to pay the militia costs. Is this fair? Call you this “protecting the peaceful citizen?” Will it stay Loyal League robberies? Will it check barn-burnings—mid-night assassinations and outrages—or guarantee “peace” to the “peaceful citizen’s” hen-roost? That’s the question.

Again, The Standard harps incessantly on “ku klux outrages,” and makes a grand ado about “hunting down the colored men like cattle, and murdering them.” Now, we most respectfully submit that if the Standard can hear at all, it hears of three negro outrages on the whites to one white outrage on the blacks. But strange! passing strange! that paper is commonly as dumb as a dead oyster in its complaints of colored men “hunting down” the whites, “like cattle.” Why is this?

This military bill may be demanded by the times or it may not—it may do good or it may do a great deal of harm. It is now, we suppose, a law of the State, and time will test its wisdom and efficacy. But it speaks badly for the civil law and authorities of North Carolina: It argues that the civil law for the punishment of crime is stringently inadequate, or that the executors of the law are criminally delinquent. Those whose duty it is to award punishment for crime, we fear, too often let it pass unwhipped of justice, from political bias or selfish considerations, and it may be questioned whether it was not this bias or extreme “leniency” of the law, shown in certain cases, that called forth a mythical party termed “ku klux,” for whose benefit this military bill seems to be designed. We know nothing about ku klux, and deprecate all outrages on the law, but it strikes us that if the civil law will abolish “leagues” and show no partisan partiality in punishing crime, the ku klux will down to rise no more, and the Governor will never be under the necessity of calling out the militia to put them down.

CLOSE UP!

How stands the politics of this State? It is of as many patches and colors as Joseph’s coat was made. Tournay tilts and Sanecho Panzas and Don Quixotes are all mounted astride spavined brutes of prejudice and burlesque braggadocio—a tilting and punching at the wind-mills of talk and gas and nonsense and abuse, instead of rather erecting a pole of principle and seeing who can take the ring that hangs the horn of peace and plenty above our heads.

These are the politicians. Where are the people?

In the middle stand the people—the energy—the brain. THE PROGRESS PARTY.

What keeps them in the middle? Why are they not in front? Because old prejudiced threadbare political hacks halt and limp in their way. Because war torpedo politicians who laid in their bombproofs during the time of fight are now popping and sixing about the ears of our people, drowning the voice of their better reason in the buzz of anathemas against a government that whipped as like the devil and to which Gen. Lee and his soldiers surrendered at Appomattox. That’s what’s the matter.

Let men think. This won’t do. The government of the United States is a little bit stronger than a faction of politicians in North Carolina. Old things have passed away. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the times are marching. The President and the Congress of the United States are at the head of the column. The people of the South must “fall in” either as conscripts or volunteers. Those that don’t will be closed up by the rear guard of Young America as they “go marching on.” PROGRESS is the pioneer. Peace on earth, the maintenance and transcendence of Civil Law, and good will and charitable behavior unto all men—that’s the flag! and you can’t halt the column—blood and blows may be thrown in the way—but the thing will on! for God and destiny so order it.

Then close up! Heed not the voices of those who would point you back over the horrid past where lay the charred bones of wretched war, but press forward through the lights and shadows of the day-breaking star of PROGRESS, with the song of peace and industry and good will and submission to the laws in your hearts, and the very angels of truth and justice will walk thro’ the heavens brandishing the star blaze of a new era on lighted tapers that have been lit from the ethereal fires of LOVE, LAW and JUSTICE.

Gen. Lee.

God bless him. The greatest man in America. He keeps his mouth shut and submits like a gentleman to the oath of surrender he has taken. He will yet be honored by the American people. The old patriot has been recently invited to attend the funeral of George Peabody by a committee of Invitation in Boston. Let him go. Peabody in heaven cannot be honored by a greater power mortal than Gen. Lee on earth!

Billy Smith.

You may say what you please about Billy Smith. But he is certainly the best President that has had charge of the N. C. R. Road for many years. And the proof is this. Here are his receipts: From the 30th of Nov. last the receipts from all sources amounted to \$344,067.17, and the current expenses for the same period to \$173,988.25. The increase of receipts over the same time last year is \$43,741.10. And in addition to this: there have been more real charity tickets given to the people of North Carolina under his regime than under any other president. Isn’t it so?

CONGRESS—The action of this body for some time past, has been unimportant apart from its action upon the admission of Virginia. The House passed the bill admitting Virginia, without additional restrictions, but the Senate amended the bill with an odious test oath, which virtually gives the State over to the extreme radical faction.

OUR LEGISLATURE—To get a grain of wheat out of the proceedings of this 37 per diem body, we would have to winnow it out of five bushels of chaff. The military bill has doubtless passed the Senate ere this. The Legislature has virtually repudiated the bonds hawked into market by Gen. Littlefield and other speculators, but they have no doubt sold clean out, and do not now care a “cuss.”

The Rev. Horace Cooke has been released from prison and his whereabouts are not now known. His place as a New York pastor has been supplied.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

SALISBURY has put up an iron. HIGH POINT has a portrait gallery. COL. DOWD is mayor of Charlotte. RALEIGH is building villa cottages. WINSTON HAS NOT a single Drug Store. GREENSBORO HAS got a woman printer. SALEM HASN’T even a drinking shop. TARBORO HAS a three at a time negro. STATESVILLE HAS had a house burnt. WINSTON IS to have a tobacco factory. TARBORO IS to have a street railway. SILAS N. MARTIN is mayor of Wilmington. THE TREES in Newbern are budding. EIGHT PRISONERS out of Winston jail. THE NIGGS of Wilmington are tableauing. WELDON’S TAXES last year were \$358. ASHEVILLE WANTS a barber and baker. WILMINGTON HAS had the first shad. LEO WHEAT is concerning in Salisbury. A PEACH tree in Raleigh is in full bloom. TARBORO HUNG a negro last week for rape.

A REAL live seal is a curiosity in Tarboro.

BEAUBURY, of the Star, has lost a game cock.

THE SALEM Female College has three hundred students.

THE SENTINEL calls Laffin “the loud-laughing LAFLIN.”

WASHINGTON HAS had a canoe upset and a man drowned.

THE RALEIGH Baptist Church has just rented its pews out.

THE LOCAL of the STANDARD is sick—has the stomach ache.

THE “SHOO FLY” is the style of hat the gentlemen wear in Wilmington.

THE WILLIAMSTON and Tarboro railroad is in a state of completion.

MR. MOSELEY of Wadesboro was stabbed in two places on New Year’s day.

THE “mist of the morning” to you” is the Raleigh way of taking a drink.

MISS DIX is on a philanthropic visit to the inmates of the Insane Asylum.

DAN’L. MCKIMMON, one of the oldest citizens in Robeson, has dropped dead.

THERE ARE eighty nine “good looking young men” in the new penitentiary.

JAS. MCBIRKE of Wadesboro had his leg broken below the knee on the 5th.

A MAN in Mecklenburg made a year’s corn last year that shelled off 1821 grains.

NEWBERN IS to have a tobacco factory that is run by JONES of old Person.

HENRY TATK of Greensboro has recently killed a hog that netted 601 pounds.

THE STRIKE and leather confidence game is in practice among the Wilmington negroes.

THE STORE of W. A. Whitehead in Fayetteville was lately robbed of about \$200.

THE WILMINGTON girls wear a new bonnet called the “Infanta” or “baby bonnets.”

MR. HENDREN of Wilkes county fell from his mill race on Sunday week and was bagged the next day.

A two year old little boy in Goldsboro recently added himself to death by turning a basin of hot water over.

G. D. PRANSON, a negro highly respected, died in Newbern the other day and was buried with Masonic honors.

YOUNG ESCUD of Raleigh has been recently elected President of the Jefferson Society of the University of Virginia.

THE WHITE citizens of Wilmington are enjoying a panorama painted and exhibited by a negro in that city named Joe Hill.

REV. D. A. PENICK who was the pastor of Rocky River Presbyterian Church for 35 years died in Cabarrus county the other day.

THE REV. R. E. TERRY of the St. John (Episcopal Church) has been called to the Rectorship of St. John’s Church in Brooklyn, New York.

A WILMINGTON negro got hold of a country darkey as he reposed on the street and stole his clothes off leaving him as naked as a black snake.

J. R. PETERSON, a worthy minister in Gaston county, lost his dwelling house and kitchen with all their contents, by fire, on the morning of the 21st ult.

PETER MOHR of Wilmington was recently assaulted by a negro as he was shutting up his store and hit two blows on the head which fractured his skull.

MOSE HUNTINGTON who “bees” a prominent negro merchant of Milton has “moscled” from home and his creditors are crying, “Come back, you Mositz!”

A. STEPHENS is able to sit up.

THE MILITIA bill is still under discussion in the Senate.

BEAN HICKMAN is still haunting the halls and corridors of the Capitol.

MAJ. ENGLEHARD—the gallant editor of the Wilmington Journal, as corresponding Secretary and General Superintendent of the Cape Fear Ag. Association gets a salary of \$200 per year.

IT costs to hang a single man in New Hampshire—the Sheriff’s fee, cost of gallops, traveling and other expenses—one thousand dollars.

A NEW York woman has recently killed herself with a hatchet. Why didn’t she use a broomstick? Prefer to kill husbands with that, eh?

NEW YORK is garrotting.

PRINCE ARTHUR is in New York.

THE population of Norfolk is 33,000.

LA RUE’S minstrels are in Richmond.

EX-PRESIDENT Fillmore was 69 on the 7th.

FIVE cents for a green pea in Philadelphia.

THERE were 431 deaths in Norfolk last year.

A CHICAGO negro advertises for a white housekeeper.

NORFOLK has had a calico ball for the benefit of her poor.

RICHMOND is to have a McAdomized road to Seven Pines.

THERE are forty six lawyers in the United States Senate.

IN Waterloo, Iowa, you buy turkeys at ten cents a pound.

A PITTSBURGH man shot himself in the belly for love and is living yet.

A CALIFORNIA farmer raised 4 water-melon crops on one patch last year.

GEN. JOE JOHNSTON declines the presidency of the University of Tennessee.

TWO New Jersey women have been fined \$10 each for being common scolds.

THERE are 601 convicts in the Virginia penitentiary of whom 431 are negroes.

A LITTLE boy in Missouri shot another because he made fun of his new overcoat.

DURING October of last year 6,100,000 pounds of tobacco were sold in Danville.

A NEW Hampshire fellow on a bet walked half a mile on stilts with a rooster under his arms.

A MEMPHIS bride left her husband the second morning because he wouldn’t feed her in bed.

A BALTIMORE husband the other day stopped his wife’s tongue by pouring hot soup down her back.

M. SAUVAN, the consul for France for the city of Richmond, died at the Exchange Hotel of that city last week.

THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER received thirty seven new subscribers one day last week. It deserves thirty seven thousand.

A CINCINNATI youth who revelled out the old year was found next morning with a boot leg sticking out of a cistern of water in his back yard.

A CONDUCTOR in New Jersey put an old man off the cars because he had no ticket and sorry to say he fell between the cars and became baggage for an undertaker.

A WORKMAN in the manufactory of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Lowell has been poisoned by tasting the oil of bitter almonds used in the making of cherry pectoral.

SHAD are \$2 a pair in Wilmington.

FOREIGN.

The new mayor of London is a printer. Napoleon puts his son’s face on the new coin.

The Emperor of China edits a paper in Peking.

Eight theatres in London are managed by ladies.

Queen Victoria is the grandam of 16 trundlebeds.

An old sledge turned bottom upward is a Laplander’s tombstone.

The village of Sardon in France has been entirely destroyed by fire.

There are 52 streets in London named after the Duke of Wellington.

The Greenlanders bury their dead on a small hill in a sitting posture.

If a Greenland’s wife have no children she makes her husband get a second wife.

Mr. Gladstone has just completed his 60th year and Mr. Disraeli his sixty-fourth.

From the third of February to the twelfth of May is the fishing season in Iceland.

Queen Vic has lately got a big tiger that a brass and button chief sent her as a present.

An Australia young man was imprisoned two months for kissing a young girl against her will.

A Berlin murderer pleaded “not guilty” because he didn’t believe man was a free agent.

A German savan was discovered that a bedbug bites 300 times ere he reaches a ripe old age.

A party of singular Englishmen advertised in a London paper for a haunted house to stay all night in.

A Nottingham candidate electioneers for an office and makes his point thus: “I have just lost my only child.”

A set of men in Paris yeelp “arlequins” back up small carts to rich mens’ doors and haul off the savoury scraps from the table which they hawk around for the poor as well as dish out at so much a mess to owners of pet house dogs.

In Switzerland some of the houses are adorned outside with the figures of the sun, a bear, hog, or other animal; the following is an example: “All my hope is in God: and my house is known by the sign of the black pig.”

In Spain when the sunset bell is rung as a signal for repeating the prayer to the Virgin the busy multitude is hushed in the street and men women and children cover their faces and breathe a prayer of thanks for protection during the day.

CHRISTMAS among the Baptists.

From a Hillsboro correspondent.

The Baptist Christmas Tree Festival came off on the evening of the 28th Dec. 1869, and was quite a success, enlivening the hearts of old children, we hear, as well as the young. We had a previous engagement, and therefore avail ourselves of the programme furnished us by a friend:

I. Song: We have come rejoicing.

II. Prayer.

III. The Mercy Seat.

IV. Address to the children from the Pastor. Mr. Gualtney gave the little folks some very good advice, in conclusion he said there were two sorts of children that he didn’t think would ever do much good unless they changed. The first was the lazy class, who couldn’t get ready in time to come to Sunday School, either from a wish for “a little more sleep,” or too much folding of the hands to sleep, or too much thought for “what they should wear and wherewithal they should be clothed.” They ought not to let trifles keep them from the school, but to determine to overcome all obstacles in the way. They should not wait for some “little difficulty” to come along that they were certain of overcoming, but if ever there was one in the way too big to go around, just to go over it. The second class consisted of those who had made up their minds that they would not be children any longer. Of this sort he had a little hope as of the first. Though he might be considered rather old for a child, he felt that he was still young enough to be taught, and if he could, would gladly join a class under a good teacher. Indeed, he had known of a class composed of grey headed children not less than sixty years old. He didn’t mean to offend any one by his remarks, but whoever the cap might fit, could wear it home as a gift from the Christmas Tree.

V. If I were a sunbeam.

After singing this the superintendent called on Capt. J. A. Graham of Alamance, to know if he had not a word of good cheer for the school. Capt. G. said he had only a word for the children, and expressed his pleasure at again meeting with his young friends, with whom he had formerly been associated in the labors of the Sunday School; was happy to find such interest still manifested in the good work. He knew this from the good singing that he had been listening to, but he hoped that was not the object of greatest regard with them, but that each one was trying to do all the good in the world that he or she could. They must not think they were too small to do any good yet, for there was a good little boy only three years old that taught an old grey headed man to be a Christian by his making God to “rub it out” every time that he did anything that was wrong.

VI. The Land without a storm.

VII. Beautiful Zion.

VIII. Canaan’s Happy Land. This was sung by a choir of six little girls standing upon the rostrum. The group was pretty and the singing well executed.

IX. The Christmas Tree. As the joyous notes of the second stanza fell upon the ears, the doors of the baptistry rolled back, disclosing the Christmas Tree appearing as a beautiful flower arrayed in all its glory, and brought by old Santa from his Fairy Land. The symmetry of the tree, a holly with rich green leaves and red berries, the graceful drooping of the branches laden with all manner of fruit that good taste could suggest, and the brilliant illumination of the tapers revealing the mysteries of the wonderful harvest on every branch with the star of Bethlehem shining above them all, made altogether one of those feasts for the eyes, of which the tongue can but show a proper admiration by a respectful silence.

At the conclusion of the piece, the gathering of the fruit was commenced by Mr. John Cheek the superintendent, and Mr. John M. Blackwood, Santa Claus had been kind enough to put the names of his favorites on the articles that he wished them to have. These were read out by the Superintendent as each gift was taken from the tree, and the fortunate ones rising as their names were called, received the presents through the hands of the waiters Messrs. T. D. Tinnin and R. D. Graham. None of the little ones were forgotten, for there were tokens of good will for every one.

The last appeal taken from the Tree was a handsome Family Bible for the Rev. W. R. Gualtney. This was presented to the Pastor by Capt. R. Graham in behalf of the teachers of the Baptist Sunday School as “a slight token of their esteem for him as a gentleman, of their reverence for him as their Bishop, but more especially, of their love for him as a brother. He hoped that he would find within its sacred pages an armory replete with weapons of offence and defence to fully equip him for his Christian warfare; that he would “put on the whole armor of God that he might be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand, with his loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast plate of righteousness, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith he would be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit which is the word of God.”

Mr. Gualtney accepted the pleasant surprise in a few appropriate remarks, alluding to his agreeable association in the Sabbath School work, and the interest manifested in it by both scholars and teachers, and the addition to the corps of laborers in this part of the Lord’s vineyard since last Christmas.

The services then concluded with X. The Land of Babel.

And the assembly was dismissed with the Benediction from the Pastor.

New Advertisements.

SPOTSWOOD HOTEL.

RICHMOND, VA.

BOARD \$3.00 PER DAY. BOARD \$3.00 PER DAY. THE undersigned having leased this only first-class hotel, located on Main street, and within one square of the Capitol, Post Office, Custom House, Theatre, and the great Northern and Southern Rail Road depots, respectfully inform the public that it is now open. It has been thoroughly renovated, and furnished. This hotel is world renowned, as the headquarters of the President and Cabinet officers of the late Confederacy, it also contains the historic suit of rooms occupied by President Davis, Johnston and Grant, and Chief Justice Chase. The travelling public are cordially invited to MAKE THE SPOTSWOOD THEIR HOME, where they will find every comfort and delicacy that this and other markets can afford. Southern Express and Telegraph offices in the building. JAMES M. SUBLETT, C. R. LUCK, W. M. B. BISHOP, Proprietors.

Jan. 1870.

Richmond and Danville Rail Road.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1869, the Passenger TRAINS on this road will be run as follows:

GOING SOUTH—Lynchburg and Danville Passenger leave Richmond daily (except Sundays) at 12:45 P. M.; arrive at Danville daily (except Sundays) at 5:55 P. M. THROUGH MAIL AND EXPRESS leave Richmond daily at 5:30 P. M.; arrive Danville daily at 1:45 P. M.; arrive at Greensboro daily at 4:15 A. M.; leave Greensboro—Lynchburg and Danville Passenger leave Danville daily (except Sundays) at 7:40 A. M.; arrive at Richmond daily (except Sundays) at 12:55 P. M. THROUGH MAIL AND EXPRESS leave Greensboro daily at 9:25 P. M.; arrive Danville daily at 1:05 P. M.; arrive at Richmond daily at 7:20 A. M.

The Lynchburg and Danville Passenger Train connects at Danville with the trains on the Southside road for Petersburg, Norfolk, Lynchburg, and all stations on the Southside and Virginia and Tennessee railroads, Bristol, Knoxville, Dalton, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, and all important points South and Southwest.

The Through Mail and Express connects at Greensboro with the trains on the North Carolina road for Charlotte, Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Macon, Mobile, Montgomery, &c., and at Richmond with the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, Chesapeake and Ohio, and Richmond and York River railroads.

SLEEPING CARS and CHILD’S PATENT RECLINING CHAIRS on the through express train. THOMAS DODAMEAD, Superintendent.

Sale of Valuable Property!

ON Saturday the 12th of February 1870 we will offer for sale for Cash at Thompson’s Store, Mechanicsville, Alamance County, the interest of George W. Newsum, Mortgagee, and of John A. Turrentine Bankrupt in a Tract of LAND

on McAdams creek in said county containing 467 acres, adjoining the lands of James R. Albright, Alex. Kirkpatrick, and others and known as the Hawfield or Jon. Steel place. The said Tract will be sold in two or more parts which will be made known on the day of sale.

There are two good dwelling Houses on different parts of the Tract, and as the Land is within a few miles of the Depot, at Mechanicsville, a fine opportunity for investment is offered. Sale to take place at 12 M.

THOMAS WEBB, Trustee, JOHN W. NEWWOOD, & Assoc., JOHN W. GRAHAM, Auctioneers, Jan. 7th 1870. 1—12

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The Recorder Office has been removed to the building on East Street, one door below Pogue's Store and two doors below the Store of the Messrs. Webb.

To Merchants and Business men in Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Newbern, Wilmington, Raleigh, and Danville.

Here is the paper to Advertise in. Unparalleled in N. Carolina or Virginia as an Advertising medium. Send your orders and pay your bills.

See Advertising terms on 4th page. Correspondents will please observe brevity. Ordinary notices, exceeding a dozen lines will be charged ten cents a line. Keep this in mind.

The Death of Judge Ruffin.

(COMMUNICATED.)

The Hon. THOMAS RUFFIN departed this life at his residence on the 18th inst., in the eighty-third year of his age, after a short and painful attack of Pneumonia. He yielded to his fate with the patience and firmness of a man and the humble resignation of a Christian. As his great sufferings were surrounded by an anxious and affectionate family, who ministered upon him the most devoted and untiring attention. The devoted and thoughtful courtesy of the gentleman—the fondness of the father—the affection of the husband—was beautiful and conspicuous during the whole course of his illness. He retained a polite acknowledgment for every attention he received; the ordinary salutations to his friends and the greetings of his relatives to his family were never omitted; the family altar was erected in his sick chamber and the blessing of God invoked in the morning and evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and of praise. His death has left a sad and mournful gap in the social and domestic circle exhibited in the deep gloom of the community and their sincere sympathy for the afflicted family. It is unnecessary to speak of him as an eminent lawyer and an upright and learned Judge—the records of this and other countries attest his rightful claim to these distinctions.

He was a kind and generous neighbor, eminently wise and practical in all the affairs of life, and thorough in his efforts to accomplish objects of benevolence and usefulness, and to dispense an old fashioned hospitality with a cordial and bounteous hand without that ostentation which dazzles the eye but does not touch the heart. He was industrious; with regular habits formed in the interest of virtue and wisdom which were productive of comfort, happiness and success.

AS A JUDGE AND GENTLEMAN.

When he was engaged in the practice of the Law it was his habit never to leave the court until its adjournment, and when he presided as Judge of the Superior Court, he never admitted himself slighted—devoting his whole time to the service of the State and discharging a large amount of business.

He was never an old man in the sense of decrepitude, reticence or gloom. He was active in his movements and cheerful in his disposition. He walked half a mile to church; devoted much time and attention to his garden—which abounded in beautiful flowers. He was actively engaged in all the duties of life up to the day of his attack. He was ever in full and tender sympathy with childhood; cordial, pleasant and social with the young, and an instructive and entertaining companion to his friends, and in all the endearments and duties of domestic life he was a model of excellence and admiration—which found a ready and appreciative echo in the love and veneration of his family.

HIS DYING HOUR.

It was the cherished wish of his life that God would bless him with the possession of his mental faculties in his dying hour. This boon was granted. His mind was unclouded, and his last act of intelligence, fifteen minutes before he expired, was a tender and unmistakable manifestation of love for his noble wife.

Judge RUFFIN was an old school gentleman, and is among the last on that honored list of names which graced and adorned the old time. The modern changes, with their startling and reckless progress—the recent phases of government—the new interpretations of the law and the constitution, were abhorrent to all his well considered ideas of legal propriety and long established standards of right. The law, as he and his fathers in their wisdom and purity administered it, was the shield and glory and safety of the land. Their learned and pure exposition of the constitution was the recognized and fixed conviction of its true meaning, and imparted to it that reverence due to the sacred character of American liberty. He is not only a loss to his family and friends but to the whole country. In his death a bright barrier has been removed to that baneful and modern progress, which, in its heedless and mad career, has unsettled the very foundations of constitutional liberty. May the example of his life, the truth of his opinions, and the conservative character of his principles, prove a voice, speaking from the tomb for the good of his country and the happiness of mankind.

Capt. James J. Waddell.

THE HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

This gallant officer who was the eagle bird of the sea during the late war was on a visit to our sanctum a short while since. He is the same North Carolina "war hero" who fought "Old Yank" seven months on the sea after the war was over. During his career as the Confederate Commander of the Steamship Capt. Waddell burnt 40 Yankee Whaling ships, carrying each some five hundred thousand dollars. As an old Massachusetts brandy-cock-tail Merchantman remarked the other day on the car, "damn the stick of timber, sir, that man has left in my State."

Capt. James J. Waddell.

THE HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

We hoped that a notice of the death of this most estimable gentleman would have been prepared for this paper. As a stranger we knew him slightly. But that little was a great deal. For we had heard of poor and worthy young men about the place whose wants the purse of Capt. Waddell was freely open to—who now by the help of such assistance have risen to a competency and success. We knew him too as a hard working man—an honest one. A man whom our God made to "make a town." We deplore his loss. Hillsboro cannot well make up for it.

Hillsboro Takes the prize for her Tobacco.

James N. Whitted, an old experienced manufacturer of this tobacco, has lately received a premium from the Alabama State Agricultural Society for the "Best Box of Southern Raised Chewing Tobacco." By the way, we see the Secretary of this Society is S. G. Reid who now edits the Montgomery Mail and who will be remembered by old Chapel Hillians as the same man who had the unfortunate difficulty with Mang. Cheek, in which, Reid killed Cheek.

Our Boy sculptor.

Edgeworth may boast of her boy orator but Hillsboro claims a boy sculptor. Little Joe Struwick is a prodigy in his way. Only five years old he will carry on a merry conversation with you as with the scholars he cuts most fantastically out of paper the merriest forms and figures. If you want a trotting horse, or a deer with its delicate feet in the act of leaping,—he'll cut it for you the work of an eye. He has been for a year or more given to those artistic manipulations.

A Haunted Woman.

From a Correspondent.

It was in Goldsboro in 1858—during the early part of the war there lived the wife—a handsome and worthy lady—of Mr. who was then a trusty engineer on the North Carolina railroad. They were northern people but full in the confidence of our own section. Mrs. lived in the suburbs of the town—and her husband being off on the road she was by herself a great part of the time. It soon began to be talked about the town that Mrs. was subjected to a very singular and alarming annoyance that afflicted her house every night.

WHAT DID IT MEAN?

Nobody could tell, but certain it is that at night as Mrs. would be sitting in her room a big rock, then another, and another, would be dashed in at her window and would fall with a crash upon the floor. The mystery here, where did the rocks come from? For rocks are mighty scarce in that section. One morning a gold dollar was found under the window—that was all that was ever seen. But so alarming did this abuse become that considerable soldiers were stationed as a guard around the house. So long as they were there all was quiet. But the very moment they were taken away "crash!" would come a rock.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

One day as Mrs. was walking on the street she saw a fine looking gentleman approaching her who seemed ready to speak to her. Sure enough he did speak to her and, seizing her hand, she warmly rejoicing in an extravagant measure over the privilege of meeting with her. The man was a stranger to her, and he called her by another name than her own and she told him so—but he vehemently protested that he was right and that he could not be mistaken.

THAT NIGHT.

That very night as Mrs. was sitting in her room a note fell from the window. It read thus: "Joseph is here. He will not trouble you again. Farewell."

After this note there was peace within the house. And no more nocturnal visits did this demon of "long and snash," pay to Mrs. She with her worthy husband soon after got papers from our authorities to cross our lines and go to their homes in the North. It is a matter of curiosity to you to know what (who lived in the place at the time) to correspond has ever become of them. It was thought that possibly the "fine looking gentleman" Mrs.—met, might have been a Federal spy.

The Blacklock Murders.

All three are in jail—the murderers—Gunn, Young, and Lutterloh. Bob Gunn is separate from the rest. There are seven other prisoners in the same cell with Bob and a lively time they have together. "All got to fighting the other night—all except Bob—he stood off and hollered 'far play, gentlemen, far play!' But Bob at last mixed in and whipped out the crowd. We have understood that Bob says he burnt Patrick's barn as well as Cooke's Cabinet Shop with the purpose of getting people out of their houses so as to have a good time to plunder and rob but that they were hauled in their design by finding armed sentinels on the street. The negroes of this town deserve much credit for their earnest desire to have these strange negroes arrested and brought to justice. Anthony FARRER—one of our town negroes—went so far as to go to Greensboro and give information which first led to the arrest of Bob Gunn.

Tobacco Factories.

This town, situated on the N. C. Rail Road, in the midst of a fine Tobacco raising region, offers great advantages to Manufacturers, and we want to see a dozen Tobacco Factories spring up here. Orange cultivates "the weed" largely, and the market here would be heavily supplied by Caswell, Penson, Granville and Almonice. If those who are manufacturing remote from Rail Roads, will consider the expense of wagonage, they will see at a glance the advantage of locating here.

A Remarkable Dream.

Lemuel Lynch Esq. of this place before the war between the North and South dreamed it out one night just about like it happened. He dreamed that the Yankee army came marching through Hillsboro, of the negroes who were along driving the ambulance, in fact, everything, as it exactly tallied with the appearance of Sherman's army as it passed through here. And, strange to say! Mr. Lynch was the first man this spring spoke to as he stood on the street. He missed but one thing at all—and didn't miss that very far! He dreamed that the terms of capitulation were made in Hillsboro—whereas they were made at Durham's, in the same county and only 12 miles distant.

Capt. James J. Waddell.

THE HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

This gallant officer who was the eagle bird of the sea during the late war was on a visit to our sanctum a short while since. He is the same North Carolina "war hero" who fought "Old Yank" seven months on the sea after the war was over. During his career as the Confederate Commander of the Steamship Capt. Waddell burnt 40 Yankee Whaling ships, carrying each some five hundred thousand dollars. As an old Massachusetts brandy-cock-tail Merchantman remarked the other day on the car, "damn the stick of timber, sir, that man has left in my State."

Capt. James J. Waddell.

THE HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

We hoped that a notice of the death of this most estimable gentleman would have been prepared for this paper. As a stranger we knew him slightly. But that little was a great deal. For we had heard of poor and worthy young men about the place whose wants the purse of Capt. Waddell was freely open to—who now by the help of such assistance have risen to a competency and success. We knew him too as a hard working man—an honest one. A man whom our God made to "make a town." We deplore his loss. Hillsboro cannot well make up for it.

Hillsboro Takes the prize for her Tobacco.

James N. Whitted, an old experienced manufacturer of this tobacco, has lately received a premium from the Alabama State Agricultural Society for the "Best Box of Southern Raised Chewing Tobacco." By the way, we see the Secretary of this Society is S. G. Reid who now edits the Montgomery Mail and who will be remembered by old Chapel Hillians as the same man who had the unfortunate difficulty with Mang. Cheek, in which, Reid killed Cheek.

Our Boy sculptor.

Edgeworth may boast of her boy orator but Hillsboro claims a boy sculptor. Little Joe Struwick is a prodigy in his way. Only five years old he will carry on a merry conversation with you as with the scholars he cuts most fantastically out of paper the merriest forms and figures. If you want a trotting horse, or a deer with its delicate feet in the act of leaping,—he'll cut it for you the work of an eye. He has been for a year or more given to those artistic manipulations.

"Joni" Come Down the Hollow!

Having removed our Office to a hollow on East Street, just below the Messrs. Wynn's Store, and about one hundred yards from the Court-house, we respectfully request our distant friends passing this way, to give us a call. They will find the string of the latch outside the door.

BRACKEN DOWNS!

With every disposition to accommodate our friends, they must excuse us for putting down the brakes on "lending" out our exchange papers. There so many little-souled people who borrow the Recorder and read it at other people's expense, that it completely disgusts us with the "lending" and "borrowing" business, and if we had an educated dog found getting his newspaper reading by a regular game of "borrowing," we would hang the "pup" as high as Old John Brown danced in the air when his soul went "marchin' on" to Pluto's regions.

SENDING ON YOUR NEIGHBOR FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER.

At the North, every body takes the papers—even the humblest Coach-driver will spend his last five cents—not for a drink of liquor—but for a newspaper to read. The result is we find the Northern people universally intelligent and well informed. But when we come down South, what a lamentable change! Men in good circumstances even decline taking a paper printed in their County. They are too stingy and small-souled to take a paper—and would sooner strip the skin from their grand-mother. But they will "borrow" the paper, may be steal it, if they can, and read it at another person's expense! We would as soon be caught "borrowing" or stealing a neighbor's tooth-brush! We speak now of regular borrowers, and not of the casual class. These narrow-minded creatures look upon a five cent piece as considerably larger than a cart-wheel, and the bark to a tree never stuck half as close to a tree as they stick to a dime. Finally they "huff" off this mortal coil and go to—the place most people go who are too penurious to take a paper, and may be a big sale of property follows amidst the general rejoicing of the "poor critters" and that's the last of the "poor critters" if remembered at all, it is as the little-souled man too stingy to take a paper, and noted only for sponging on his neighbor.

Tobacco—The Danville (Va.) Register of the 19th inst., says, that "since the warm rains set in tobacco has come in order for handling, and for several days past we have had brisk sales at the Warehouses. Prices are well up; though the offerings are for the most part inferior. There have been several sales at figures ranging from \$10 to \$60 per hundred."

WANTED—A man about the size of the excellent Clerk of the Superior Court of Alamance, to take charge of the personal-difficult department of this establishment. He must understand the art of shouldering-drilling, and be able to "clean up" half a dozen "cut-mens" at a time.

Tournament and Ball.

A Tournament and Ball came off near Yarbrough's mill, on 21st Dec. 1869, which was grand success. The riding was splendid, the crowd large and the prizes, and the ladies that graced the occasion unsurpassed for beauty and accomplishment.

Judges—Wm. Long, Esq., R. F. Oliver, Jas. Bryant.

Marshall—J. R. Fowler.

Berks—Col. Winston.

John Daveson was the successful Knight and crowned Miss Sarah Brindson of Caswell Queen of Love and Beauty.

Tom Mitchell crowned the first maid; Miss Jane Oliver.

Willie Daveson crowned Miss Cornelia Kersey 2nd. Maid.

John Barker crowned Miss Belle Covington 2nd. Maid.

George Neal crowned Miss Rhoda Barker 4th. Maid.

A splendid ball then came off at Mr. R. F. Oliver's.

Strangers on the way.

A LETTER FROM AN INDIANIAN.

The following letter we received last week. In response to our stranger friend we tell him that the climate of this section can't be surpassed. Hillsboro for instance is known far and wide as the seat of good health and good manners. The lands about here as well as along the Border section are as fine as the world can produce for tobacco, corn, wheat, hay—as also—for the growing of all kinds of delicious fruits. We can promise this gentleman and all others like him a most cordial and hospitable reception among the people he desires to know. We will say further in regard to the health of this town—that for years it has been a summer resort for persons in search of pure air and good water. There are at present several families in the place who have been drinking water from "the old town pump" for fifty years and more. We leave the letter.

LAVETILLE, WHITLEY COUNTY, IND., January 10th, 1870.

Publisher Hillsboro Recorder:

Sir: I enclose stamps for a copy of your paper which I see noticed in the "Kurst New Yorker," in an account of "Border Fair, Danville Va." I think of seeking a home in your State on account of my health, and would like to learn about the prospects in your section of North Carolina and the borders of Virginia. Will you please send me a copy of your current issue addressed at top to HENRY McALLEN, Sr.

Notes from Greensboro.

From our Special Correspondent.

The ring of the hammer—piles of lumber and brick—and the yellow fumes of rising or newly-built edifices tell that Greensboro is awake and putting on new strength. Best of all, the amount required for the rebuilding of Greensboro Female College has grown so large that the end of the hard struggle of the Methodists to secure that noble institution is in sight. Mr. Uxley, formerly of Hillsboro, has done himself the noble honor to subscribe \$2,000 to that cause. Why doesn't Brown speak out on the subject? He and all who subscribe will not be called on for a cent till the contract for the building is proposed.

The spring session of Edgeworth has not opened. A sad accident occurred near here last Friday. A young boy who had been to town, fell from a wagon in which she was riding, the wheels ran over her and crushed her so that she died. She was started for the Northwest in a few days.

There is a heavy trade in partridges here. 100 you know the little things bring from \$1 to \$3.50 in the New York Market? Does Brown know it? Tell the boys to get the traps.

Dr. Fritchard of Raleigh delivered lectures in the Court House Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The object, I believe, was to help build a Baptist church here. The Doctor is a fine speaker and excellent gentleman, but his audience was not very large. Southern people do not attend paid lectures freely.

The late cold spell gave young America a short skating season but I heard of no ice being harvested.

During the cold weather Mr. Tate killed a hog weighing 600 lbs.

The numerous heads of hay that enter the town tell the story of what old Guilford is doing and what old Orange ought to do.

How to Raise Turnips.

FROM A PROSPECT HILL FARMER.

I saw a communication from a farmer several issues back that recommended guano for turnips. It has been my experience in raising turnips not to use guano at all. My reasons are; that at the time it is mostly needed in causing the turnip to grow to a large size for stock—the guano loses its influence and support, the root ceases to grow, the tops turn blue, and the root soon becomes pithy and does not attain any size. My experience has taught me to use compost manure as far as practicable. About the middle of May procure all the ashes you can well spare, and the "sweepings" of your yard, and barns, and haul to some convenient spot and procure all the green weeds, grass that you can, and tobacco stalks, throw all in to a heap, cover all over with dirt and sod—mix in a bag or two of lime and let it remain until the 1st of August. Then haul out and scatter broadcast upon your ground. I have a lot that was 70 yds. long and 35 yds wide that I sowed the 7th of July and August and I think that I must have made some 60 or 80 barrels of Turnips. I had them from 3 to 30 inches in circumference and they would weigh from 1 to 16 lbs each. Always sow about the 1st of August. Do not wait for a rain. Sow when that time comes and all will be right.

Yanceyville.

From a Special Correspondent.

Our town and county generally as far as we are posted is almost bare of anything in the way of an interesting item. I must not however forget to tell the "old man" a little trick on our (recently) local representative. "De Archives of Gravity" has a shanty in our village from which he deals out whiskey, provisions, & c. &c. He obtained license to sell the above named articles in the town of Yanceyville. He concluded to extend his operations and about Christmas Holidays whiskey and dry goods were being sold from his residence which happened to be in another Township. The authorities in Anderson Township arrested him, brought him to trial, and fined him fifty dollars for violating the laws he had so recently helped to make. Notwithstanding the Legislature has been in session some days "De Archives of Gravity" is still hanging around his shanty here; it is thought, waiting for the schooner bill to be disposed of before he gets there. The man that "roods" in the Senate from this county left some days since and we trust may never return. A large number of Freedmen have been leaving recently for the Hill Road. Some to the mountains of North Carolina; and some for the Roads in Alabama and other places. We hope the good work will continue for a time yet; as we have enough and to spare. Business of every kind since the holidays has been extremely dull and the prospect is good for its thus continuing for some time.

Milton.

From our Correspondent.

The town is a little damp from recent rains. Negroes in EXETER stand guard every night looking for Ku Klux.

Look Here!—No man will be allowed to enter our Press-room and read over the outside "form" before the paper is printed and ready for delivery. It is contrary to the reconstruction laws, and not at all harmonizing.

A CARRIER BOY wanted to take this paper every week to the subscribers in Hillsboro.

New Advertisements.

Land for sale. O. C. Latta. University of N. C. H. N. Brown. Ladies Delight. Grave's School at Graham. Carman's Molasses. Sold by O. G. Parsley of Wilmington.

A Warning. By J. A. Utley. Almonice Land For Sale. Country Wares. Supplied by Pogue. Select School. Misses Nash and Miss Kollock. Apples. Dissolution. By Gattis. Court Notice. Gies. Laws.

See the schedule of the Richmond & Danville Railroad. One of the finest roads that spans the South and presided over by A. S. Brown—the riding railroad of this country.

We invite special attention to the Adv. of the Richmond & Danville Railroad, the best first class Hotel in the South. Our old friend, Maj. C. H. LUCK, late of Caswell, a man nature moulded for a Hotelier, is one of the Proprietors, and we advise all North Carolinians to stop at this House; they will find everything they would have it to be.

CANDIDATES FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

We are authorized to announce F. N. STEDMAN, Esq., as a candidate to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons occasioned by the resignation of Dr. John A. Allison.

We are authorized to announce HARVEY HUGHES, Esq., as a candidate to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons occasioned by the resignation of Dr. John A. Allison.

DIED.

Died at his residence on Wednesday morning Jan. 13th Mrs. Eliza M. Adams, consort of John Y. Adams, in the fifty third year of her age. Her last illness though painful was borne with remarkable christian resignation and patience. In the morning of her life she connected herself with the Christian Church in this place of which she remained a member until it ceased to exist as a church. In the year 1852 she united with the M. E. Church of which she died a member. Hope points from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant. She leaves a husband and five daughters to mourn their loss.

Cause, ye mourners, cease to languish—

For the grave of those you love.

Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,

Enter not the world above.

Died in this county the 26th of December 1869

Lee A. Crabtree age 19 years son of H. M. Crabtree

He professed religion in September, and was baptized and joined the Baptist Church.

THE MARKETS.

RICHMOND, JAN. 23.

Tobacco—

Leaves—Shipping, green or unripe, common to medium.....\$8.00 @ 8.50

Do. do. good, in good order.....7.00 @ 8.00

Working, common to medium.....6.00 @ 7.00

Do. do. good.....5.00 @ 6.00

Bright, smoking or working, common to medium.....\$11.00 @ 12.00

Do. do. good to fine.....\$13.00 @ 15.00

LEAF—Shipping, short, dark, in good order.....\$8.50 @ 10.00

Shipping do. do. soft, in good order.....8.00 @ 9.00

Long dark, rich and waxy.....10.00 @ 12.00

Bright wrappers, much to good.....10.00 @ 12.00

Printings.....\$3.00 @ 3.50

PROVISIONS—

Wheat, white, choice, \$1.40 @ 1.45. Red 1.35 @ 1.40

Corn, white, bush, \$1.00; yellow, \$1.02 @ 1.05

DAVIDSON, VA., JAN. 24.

REPORTED BY J. H. FARRINGTON, TOWN CLERK.

Tobacco—

Leaves common.....\$4.00 @ 5.50

Medium.....5.50 @ 7.00

Good.....7.00 @ 8.00

Leaf—common.....6.00 @ 8.00

Medium.....8.00 @ 10.00

Good.....10.00 @ 12.00

Bright dark, rich and waxy.....12.00 @ 15.00

Fancy leaf wrappers.....\$2.00 @ 3.00

POVISIONS—(Reported by the Grocers.)

Beacon, sides, \$1.20 @ 1.25; shoulders 1.15 @ 1.20

Lard 25 cents; Butter 25 @ 28; Eggs 12 @ 15

Corn 10 @ 12; Flour, sup. 8 @ 9; Extra Family, 8 @ 9

Extra Family, 8 @ 9; sup. 8 @ 9

Potatoes, sweet, 5 @ 6; bushel 1.50; Irish 1.00

Chickens, 20 @ 25; Eggs, doz. 15 @ 17

Turkey 15 @ 20

Salt, 1 sack, \$2.00 @ 2.75.

NOFOLK, VA., JAN. 24.

RACON—Sides, ribbed, 19 @ 20; clear 21; should. 16

COTTON—Middling 2 1/4; low do. 20 1/4; good ordinary 22 1/4; ordinary 22

CORN, bushel, 91 @ 95.

WHEAT, prime white \$1.45; fair to prime \$1; Red 1.30 @ 1.35; fair 1.25; common 81

FLOUR, Family \$1.50 @ 1.60; extra 6 @ 7.50; sup. 5.50 @ 6.75; min 5 @ 5.75

PEAS, black-eyed, \$1.85; black \$1.05

BAR, large beams \$2.00; small 1.50

WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 24.

RACON—Hams 20 @ 22; shoulders 15 @ 16; sides 18

IB; hog round, 18 and 20

Chickens, 20 @ 25; Butter, No. 1 \$11 @ 12.50; No. 2 10 @ 10; No. 3 \$14 @ 15; Malters 8 @ 10

10 @ 10; Herring, 00.

New Advertisements.

1870!

MONEY SAVED,

Money Made!

PRODUCE only wanted at Wholesale price NOT at Retail price.

The Hillsborough Recorder.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26, 1870.

THE RECORDER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

C. N. B. EVANS & SON,

AT \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.00 for six months—in

advance. CLUBBING—A Club of five subscribers can

have the paper one year for \$10.00—Club of ten

for \$20.00—Club of fifteen for \$30.00—Club of twenty

for \$40.00. Cash invariably.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Advertisement inserted at \$1.00

a square for the first insertion and 50 cents a square

for each additional week. Ten lines or less make

a square.

TERMS BY SPECIAL CONTRACT—

1 square 3 months \$5.00—6 months \$10.00—12 months \$15.00

2 " 3 " 10.00—6 " 20.00—12 " 30.00

3 " 3 " 15.00—6 " 30.00—12 " 45.00

Half column 3 months \$2.50—6 months \$5.00—12 months \$7.50

One column 3 months \$5.00—6 months \$10.00—12 months \$15.00

No deviation from these terms. Parties not

allowed to exceed the space contracted for, unless

they pay extra.

POETICAL.

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,

Let me whisper, friend, to you.

If you've any debt to pay,

Rest you neither night nor day.

If you've anything to give,

That another's joy may give.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

Mine is a cot beside the hill,

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;

Willow brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall, shall sing near.

Around my fire, shall spring

Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;

And Lucy at her wheel shall sing

In russet gown and apron blue.—S. ROGERS.

NOTE.

A Louisiana planter progressed finely in

taming a young panther until the animal

gave large enough to lunch off his owner, one

night, when hungry.

It does not cost much to advertise in Ga.

Some one gives notice that he has lost three

papers of Sedition papers and will pay a

reward for them.

A cotemporary thinks that it almost

reconciles one to dying to think that "so

gentleman as Coroner Taylor" will

hold an inquest over him.

A prodigal son writes his father from

Omaha: "I have to have my only shirt

washed by the women, for it is in twelve

pieces, and the smallest hole in it is the one

I put my head through."

A wicked editor says that at a church,

some people clasp their hands so closely in

prayer that they are unable to get them

open when the contribution-box comes

around.

A young lady of Springfield, at a woman

suffrage meeting, remarked, "Mr. Foster

said there was a woman in the hall who

hadn't as much right to be called a man as

he had; and I think so too."

An afflicted husband was returning from

the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked

him how he was. "Well," said he, patheti-

cally, "I think I feel better for that little

walk."

A young man living in Lafayette, Ind.,

is humbly personified. The other day he

asked a young lady if he might be allowed

the privilege of going home with her,"

and was indignantly refused; whereupon he

inquired very humbly if he might be "al-

lowed to sit on the fence and see her go by."

Some one relates the story of a man who

was too lazy to say his prayers. He wrote

out his devotions on foolscap, however, and

tied them to the foot of his couch. Be-

fore retiring he would hold them up to hea-

ven and exclaim, "them's my sentiments,"

and jump into bed.

A gentle quaker had two horses—a very

good and a very poor one. When seen rid-

ing the latter, it turned out that his bet-

ARMSTRONG, STEERE & CO.

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

METALS AND PAPER STOCK,

Highest price paid for Cotton and

Linen Rags.

Nos. 28 Bollingbrook Street and 25 Old Street,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Refer to Thomas Branch & Sons, Bankers,

April 21.

MARK YOUR FREIGHT

"VIA PETERSBURG."

The New Baltimore

AND

CAROLINAGRANTRUNK

FREIGHT LINE!

Comprising the following Great Freight

Routes:

The Powhatan Steamboat Company's

Freight Line of Steamers,

The Petersburg and Weldon,

Raleigh and Gaston,

North Carolina,

Western North Carolina,

Wilmington and Weldon,

Atlantic and North Carolina,

Wilmington and Manchester,

Charlotte and South Carolina Railways,

and their connections.

ALMOST EXPRESS IN TIME

AND

RATES VERY LOW.

THIS new trunk line forms a Great Freight

Route between Baltimore and Weldon,

Warrenton, Raleigh,

Hillsboro, Lexington,

Salisbury, Morganton,

Charlotte, Lincolnton,

Goldsboro, Newbern,

Beaufort, Wilmington,

Chester, Winstons,

Columbia, Greenville,

Sumterville, Manchester,

Cheraw,

And all Intermediate Points on and near these

great Railways and their connections.

The Powhatan Steamers connect at Peter-

burg with Petersburg Railway for all points in the

Carolina.

Cars are run alongside of Steamers' Wharf

as goods transferred with careful handling. Cars

are run through without breaking bulk between

Petersburg and Raleigh, Charlotte, Goldsboro,

Wilmington, &c., &c.

This inland line possesses many advantages

over a Sea Route. The Wharf of Powhatan

Steamers being situated in the very Centre of the

Great Shipping District of Baltimore, renders it

convenient to shippers, and drays are very small.

Great attention paid to the promptness of Co-

lor, Corn, Wheat, Rye, &c., &c. All Pro-

duce Forwarded at the Lowest possible Rates.

To insure transportation over this inland

East line, mark all goods, whether Northward or

Southward bound, "Via Petersburg."

Freight landed in Baltimore day following

delivery to the Steamers.

Through receipts are given and Fixed

Rate per 100 lbs. Guarant-

eed Both Ways.

Rates in every case as low as if not lower

than any other Route, to and from Baltimore, Phi-

ladelphia and New York.

N. B.—With regard to the last named points

Freight is forwarded to and from Petersburg by

Philadelphia and New York Steamers.

For Rates and all further information, apply to

any Agent on the Line, or at the

Office of the Powhatan Steamboat Co.,

No. 90 Light St. Warf, Balt.

R. B. PEGRAM,

Superintendent Petersburg Railroad.

A. B. ANDREWS,

Sup't Raleigh and Gaston Railroad.

ALBERT JOHNSON,

Superintendent North Carolina R. R.

C. BOUKNIGHT,

Sup't Charlotte & South Carolina R. R.

J. BRANDT, Jr.,

President Powhatan Steamboat Co.

Vent, Vidd, Vidd!!

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

G. W. G. G. G. G. G. G.

G. W. A. A. A. A. A. A.

G. W. I. I. I. I. I. I.

G. W. L. L. L. L. L. L.

AND

AAAAA AAAAA AAAAA

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CELEBRATED

CELEBRATED

CELEBRATED

SCOTCH SNUFF

SCOTCH SNUFF

SCOTCH SNUFF

THE

CONQUEROR OF ALL SNUFF

PRONOUNCED BY ALL AMATEUR DIPPEERS

TO BE THE BEST

SNUFF IN THE MARKET.

Ask for it and be convinced of the fact

and take no other. Do not fail to

try it for you will like it.

TRY IT TRY IT TRY IT.

For Sale by

E. H. POGUE, Agent,

for Hillsborough, N. C.

At Factory Prices.

NOTICE.—The high reputation that our Snuff

has attained induces certain manufacturers to imi-

tate our trade mark. The quality of our Snuff

does not lay in the trade mark but the superior

quality of Tobacco that it is manufactured of.

May 9. 23-ly

Encourage Home Manufacture.

AT KE. DICKSON, WM. RICHARDSON

DICKSON AND RICHARDSON,

MAKE AND SELL

YOUNGS IMPROVED

SMUT MACHINES,

OF good material and workmanship. All orders

or letters of inquiry addressed to them at

Hillsborough, Orange county, N. C., will re-

ceive prompt attention.

All work warranted.

May 12. 23-ly

ESTABLISHED IN 1865. ESTABLISHED IN 1865.

FURNITURE.

HICKSON, TYACK & CO,

DANVILLE, VA.

NOW occupying two of the largest stores in

Danville (four floors, well filled with goods.)

Carry on

Furniture and Undertaking

business in all its branches, and keep a full stock

every article in the line.

They enumerate in part:

Elegant Walnut Chamber Suits,

Parlor Suits, in Repp,

Hair Cloth and Terry.

Cottage Chamber Suits,

Bedsteads (Eight different styles from

\$5 upward.)

Sofas,

Lounges, Chairs,

Bureaus, Washstands, Mattresses,

Cribes, Cradles, Hat Trees,

Centre Tables, Extension

Tables, &c., &c.

They respectfully solicit a call from all in-

teresting to purchase, so efficient that they can make

it to the interest of the purchaser to buy near home.

No charge for packing.

July 21. 23-ly

REIDSVILLE

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATI-

CAL SCHOOL.

THE next session begins on Monday, January

17th 1870. For particulars apply for circu-

lar.

F. B. HOBGOOD, A. B.

Principal.

Reidsville, Rockingham Co. N. C. 61-

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of J. C. Webb & Whitted, has been

dissolved by mutual consent. All persons

owing accounts at the Drug Store since the close

of the war, are requested to call and settle them

and save cost.

JAMES Y. WHITTED,

PIANOS. PIANOS.

THE GOLD MEDAL

Has just been awarded to

CHAS. M. STIEFF,

For the best Piano now made, over Baltimore, Phi-

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